

The Normals

"Two Wrongs and a Right"

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He keeps his secrets so he doesn't even tell himself
He keeps his ringer off and doesn't hear the telephone
How could he know a pretty girl could mess him up
And he wants to know more than anything he wants to
know

She knew it's wrong but she had to taste the bitterness
She clings to everything that keeps her out of
loneliness
Pretty pretty girl meets guy
How could they know that two wrongs can never make
a right

That two wrongs can never make a right
Love finds a way to be free, woe is me
It keeps on holding us closely, woe are we
Two wrongs don't make a right for me, woe is me

He told her no but she bit down to the apple core
She spit up worms
And everything they knew fell to the floor
Sifting through the pieces all they found was more

And the glory of their garden fell
And the glory of their garden fell
Love finds a way to be free, woe is me
It keeps on holding us closely, woe are we
Two wrongs don't make a right for me, woe is me

Children follow my voice, children follow my voice
My words are like silk and my tears are like yours
Falling from the sky from which the lost can find love
amidst the pain
Love is like a song you can't help but sing

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